The Sketch

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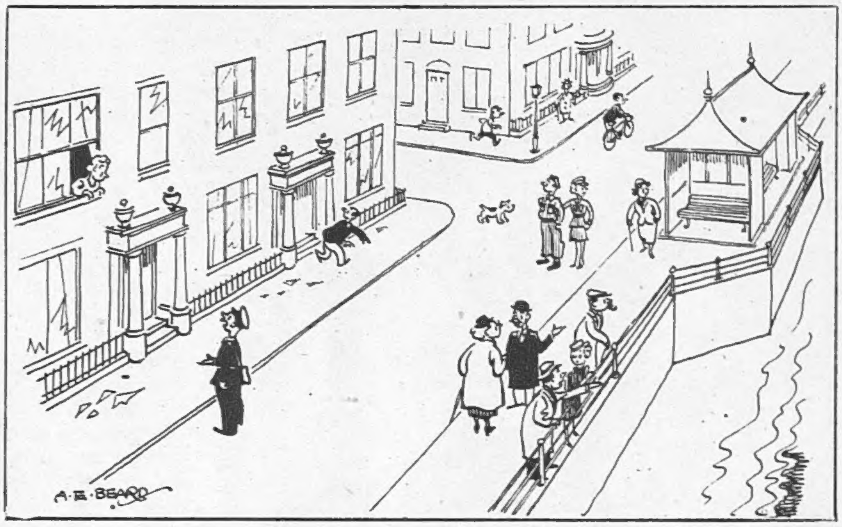
ROYAL SMILES: PRINCE MICHAEL AND THE DUCHESS.

This beautiful portrait of H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *shows her with her younger son,* H.R.H. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT. *He was born in 1942, on July 4, American Independence Day, and a few hours after his birth, his father, the late Duke of Kent, telegraphed to the President of the United States to ask if he would be a godfather. Mr. Roosevelt at once accepted, and the young Prince was given Franklin as one of his Christian names. As our camera study shows, Prince Michael George Charles Franklin already has a royal smile of extreme graciousness.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

All Dressed Up. "When the House reassembled, the Speaker-Elect . . . wore Court dress, and a small bob-wig until the Royal approval of his selection entitled him to appear in the long black gown and large wig of the Speaker. . . . Now that the King's approbation of the election to the Chair had been received . . . the Speaker walked straight through the Chamber, and in a few minutes returned, fully robed, and took his seat



The reassuring Postman : " Yes, it was a mine all right, Mrs. Harrison, but there 's no cause for alarm—they 're practically certain it was one of ours ! "

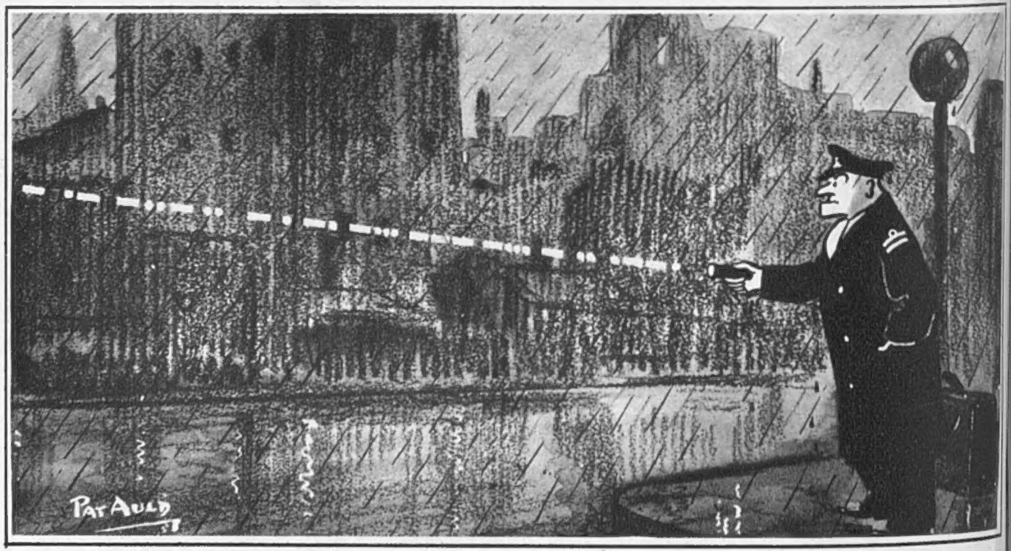
DRAWN BY A. E. BEARD.

in the Chair." All very well produced, but what I want to know is, *where did he get the coupons* ? The President of the Board of Trade has taken a vow not to buy a new suit during the war, you and I are trying to put a bold front on with rags and tatters, all the flower of fashion are going about without stockings, and here is the Mother of Parliaments encouraging its own president to flaunt a whole silken wardrobe before the world ! It isn't right. It is a bad example. It smacks of privilege. It undermines Social Security. I don't think Sir William would approve of it, and I am a little disappointed to see that Mr. Gallacher, instead of striking a blow for Equality and Fraternity, was quite genial and almost benevolent about the whole thing.

Holding the Ring. Indeed, everybody was genial and benevolent; and it is on these occasions of undemocratic ritual that one seems to detect in the British Parliament an essential democracy which no Manifestoes or Declarations could ever define. Parties divide, " ideologies " clash, partisans challenge and denounce ; but when controversy is silent on occasions of common concern, all are partners together in the business of government and in the maintenance of a tradition. The tongue-lasher who is an Hon. Member in the Chamber is just George or Harry in the Smoking-room ; and it is in the Smoking-room that the British Constitution really has its foundations. Here, where men are judged as men and not as Honourables or Right Honourables, the community life is All England in little. The rules of the club are unwritten but inviolable; and none is more settled than this, that any member who is " dragged " to the Chair instantly goes through a chemical process which washes him clean of any party sympathies or opinions whatsoever. Mr. Speaker is the constitutional embodiment of Fair Play. For him to depart from that sovereign principle would indeed be black treason in the eyes of all men and of all parties. I cannot think of any historic symbol of Englishry more worth preserving.

Treating Them Rough. It is no wonder that they have to drag him to his seat of authority, for it is not a seat, so to say, of roses, except that it has a good many lurking thorns. To change the metaphor (and I think I had better do so quickly) from a sitting to a recumbent posture, it could certainly be said at one time that uneasy lay the head that wore the wig ; for it was apt to be knocked off, at short notice, on Tower Green. Then there was one Speaker, whom we all remember, who had to be held down in the Chair by hands none too gentle. We do not seem to have adopted these methods lately, and whereas it was once impossible for the Speaker to be right, it is now impossible for him to be wrong. It is well, however, to retain the ancient rites which attend him, and I hope no fish-blooded rationaliser will ever attempt to abolish them. I like that imperious pointing finger of the Clerk, a peremptory deaf-mute ; I like to see the Serjeant-at-Arms swinging a pretty mace, now under the table and now on the table, now in the crook of the left arm and now on the right shoulder—I like these solemn antics so much that I can almost forgive the little matter of the coupons. And above all I like a Speaker who never speaks, for it seems to be upon paradoxes that the British Constitution thrives best.

Les Fleurs du Mal. My only criticism is that Mr. Speaker does not carry a bouquet, like the Judge at the Old Bailey. But flowers are contraband. Never has the British public shown such a passion for flowers as when it can't get them. Infested and infected by the Squander Bug, it pays a shilling for a single backward and short-lived daffodil. There is something touching, if uneconomic, about this, but unfortunately it leads to crime. Grim-visaged men, with blue chins, furtive expressions, and blackjacks in their pockets, are going about with suit-cases full of—no, not snow, not snide, not hooch, not even dismembered victims, but anemones ! Full many a flower, it seems, is born to blush unseen in kit-bags and cabin trunks. How sad that nature's gentlest offspring should be turned to felonious purposes ! Yet this is nothing new. I seem to remember that in the heyday of the gangs, all the nicest Big



The Silent Service flashes a universal code : " Taxi—ten-bob tip."

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

THE FACTORIES REQUIRE YOUR WASTE PAPER URGENTLY FOR SERVICE NEEDS.

Shots grew orchids for their own and each other's funerals. I *suppose* this embargo on early blossoms is necessary, and that onions and ironmongery have a greater claim on transport than the flowers that bloom in the Spring. But I associate myself with the endearing little station-master in "Mrs. Miniver" who, when he was told that there soon wouldn't be any roses, merely replied, "There 'll always be roses." Doubtless they ought to be in our own gardens, and not brought from afar, but then, will there be room for the cabbages? I am now going to be sententious and offer you a Thought for To-day, which is that Life Itself should be a judicious mixture of roses and cabbages. Reflect upon this, and cultivate your garden accordingly.

German Papers, Please Copy.

I must admit, though with reluctance, that life *can* be lived without roses, but I do not see how it can be lived without saucepans. The complete dearth of saucepans—in this district, at least—is a present which I offer to Lord Haw-Haw, and he has my permission to inform his listeners (if any) that the entire British population is starving. It is obvious; for you cannot cook without saucepans, and since there are no saucepans, there is no food and the people are dying of inanition. If (as is arguable) there is a flaw in this reasoning, then there are only two possible explanations—either old saucepans never die, or we are being fed on manna from heaven. Since all the democratic Powers are Children of Israel, and England is a wilderness anyhow, Lord Haw-Haw will doubtless choose the latter explanation. He might also be interested to know that the British public never washes. It clearly cannot do so, since it has no towels. There is still a little soap, but towels? The veterans, the Home Guard of the laundry, the Stragglers of Waterloo, are doing a splendid job for their age, and they face the Panzer Division of mangles and wringers without flinching; but they are not immortal, and a fluttering shred or an openwork tatter is not really a towel. What with diminished baths, shrunken soap and vanishing towels, it is obvious that one of our most vaunted national virtues is a thing of the past, and morale is correspondingly low. Serve us right, no doubt, for being so smug about it!

The Answer 's a Lemon. But, after all, if it is guns or butter, so it is tanks or saucepans; and any trifling deprivations which we may suffer only serve to sweeten the little unexpected bonuses when they happen. I had one—two, in fact—on Shrove Tuesday. Believe it or not, my first pancake was enriched with the juice of a fresh lemon and my second was bedewed with the ichor of a fresh lime. Yes, and they were honestly come by, too—at least, I think so, but a doubt has just smitten me. They were brought me by a friend who had just flown from U.S.A. and who had been delayed at an island which I dare not name, for fear of the Censor—anyhow, Shakespeare mentions it, and it is an island of the Blessed where limes and lemons grow. It may well be that it is an offence under Regulation 77 (2) (iii) (*cccc*) to obtain, possess, give, receive or otherwise deal with any uncustomed citrous fruit of more than ·005 specific acidity, but I did not think of that at the time, and it is no use crying over spilt lemon-juice. Nectar and ambrosia were naught to this!

Even more remarkable was the experience of a young woman to whom was brought, from Algiers, a banana. With a proper sense of the solemnity of the occasion she went out and ate it on the Embankment. Before me lies a photograph of the accompanying concourse, chiefly of small boys—a wonderful study of mass-emotion. If anybody will send me a bunch from the tropics, I will undertake to eat them all in Trafalgar Square for the benefit of the next Wings for Victory Week, even if they kill me, as they probably will. Remarkable how anthropoid we all become at the sight of a banana; there must be something Darwinian in it, I think.

Rien ne va Plus.

I wonder if one could get a banana, in exchange (say) for a hat full of diamonds, in Monte Carlo? I have often asked myself wistfully, "Why wasn't I born a Monagasc?" I have even toyed with the question in days of peace, on rare visits to that Land where it is Always Afternoon and where there is no income tax. There is still, I presume, no income tax, except what the croupiers take off you; but I begin to revise my opinion about the advantages of Monagasc citizenship when I read that a square meal in Monte (and how square they used to be!) now costs £9, and *déjeuner complet* costs 34s. 6d. True, there are still twenty tables functioning, and you can go and win your £9 dinner with a well-judged *en plein*; but on the other hand—and this was always a weak spot in an otherwise admirable economic system—you

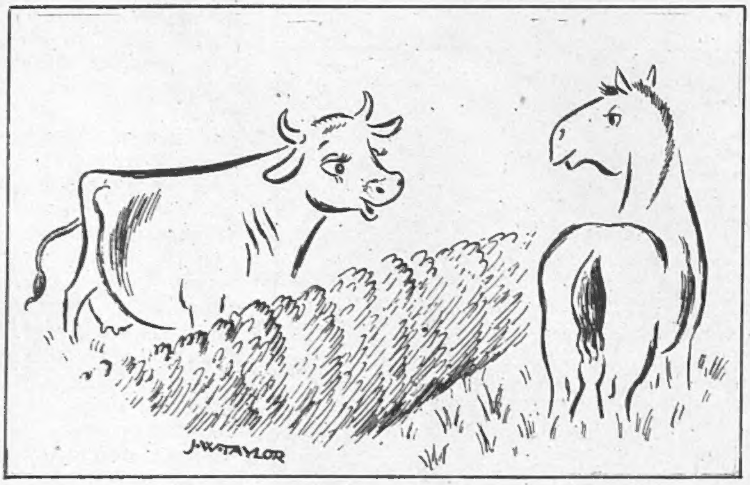
[*Continued overleaf.*

As one Wren to another: **"Of course, my getting into the Wrens has done my people in Kensington a lot of good!"**

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

Continued.]

may lose your dinner for a month by getting a hunch at the wrong moment or playing an infallible system. Then again, I learn that the bathing beach, once the glass of fashion and (most literally) the mould of form, is all pill-boxes and barbed wire. This really is a terrible war—is *nothing* sacred to it? And yet there have been times when I could have welcomed a bomb in the middle of the green baize! *Sic transit*—and so, on the whole, I say, England, with all thy faults, I love thee still! Yes, bananas or no bananas!



The Cow to the Carter's Horse: **"Hudson's awfully nice. How do you get on with Leathers?"**

DRAWN BY J. W. TAYLOR.

Shaping Our Ends. No doubt I shall love thee all the more when Sir William Beveridge has completed his three-piece suit for Social Security; so far, he tells us, he has only cut the trousers. I am interested in those trousers. The burning question is whether they have turn-ups or not. On this issue a great battle has been raging. The Bespoke Tailors' Guild has opened a heavy offensive on the Board of Trade's hedgehog positions. As a humble member of the Bespeakers' Association, I beg to add my voice to the Bespokes. True, I have never discovered any adequate reason why my trousers should have "cuffs," which I associate with the other extremity of the body; and when the Bespokes tell me that I can get extra wear out of my cuffs, I can only say that that has never been my experience. I am bound to admit that the amount of extra brushing labour caused by my cuffs would add up to a good many man-power hours, which have hardly been compensated by the fun of occasionally finding a halfpenny, sixpence or other foreign body in the crevices. Still, I have always had my cuffs, and when the Bespokes assure me that practically nothing is saved by suppressing them, I am strong for tradition. So far, however, the Board of Trade has turned down turn-ups. They hold that there is a divinity which shapes our ends, and that divinity is Whitehall.

The Guileless R.S.M.: **"'Ere is a description of the h'escaped Eyetalian prisoner — height, five foot seven, florid complexshun, fattish build, 'eavy black moustache, speaks bad English — Nah, if you fellers see anybody like that, grab 'im!"**

DRAWN BY A. E. BEARD.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

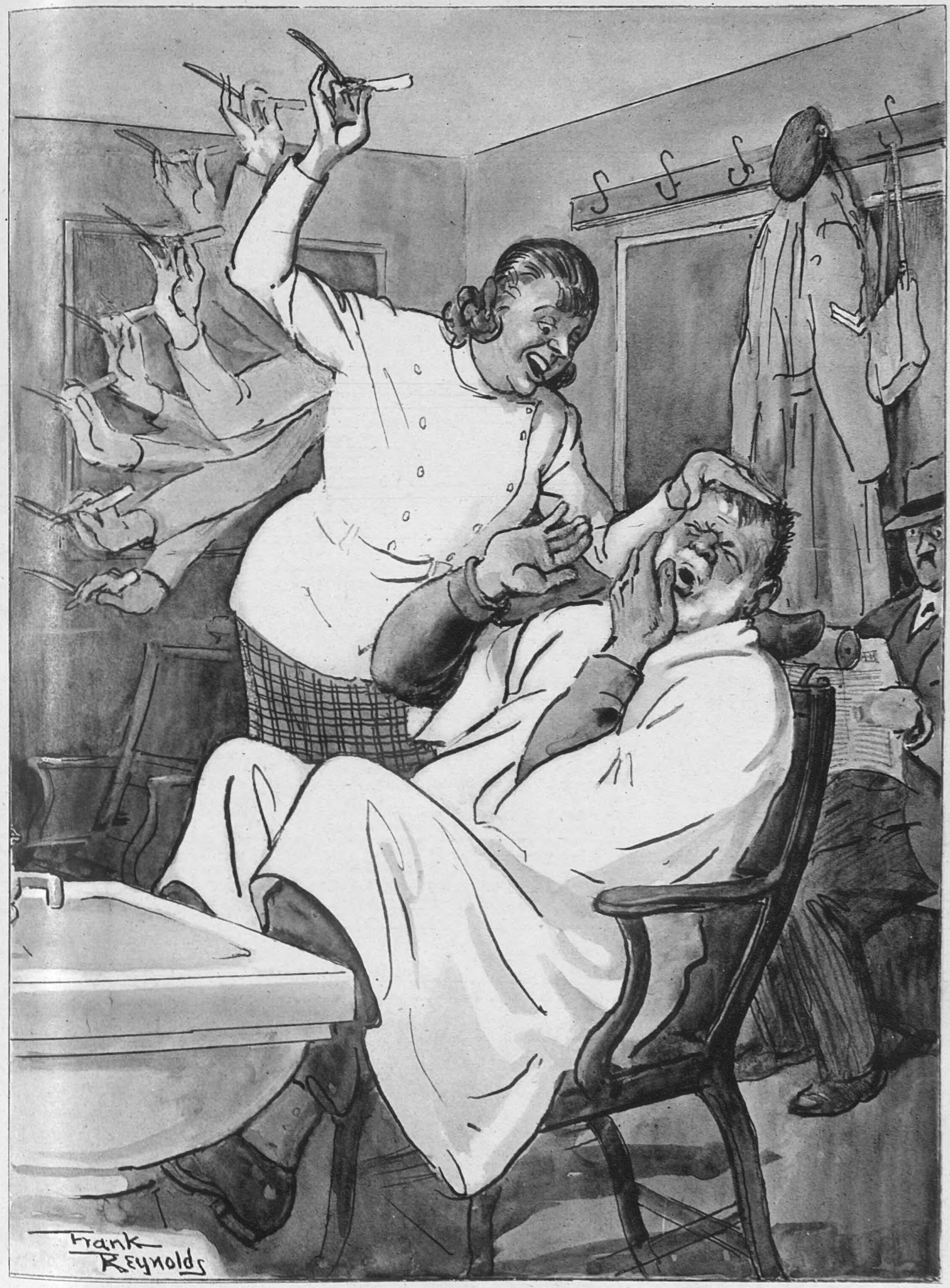
And, after all, snipping or clipping my trousers is a mere bagatelle compared with what the other sex is being asked to do—though I hasten to add that I am not establishing any literal sartorial analogy. Women have already sacrificed frills, flounces, furbelows (whatever they may be) and insertions on the altar of Austerity; but now they are being asked to surrender more than can be demanded of flesh and blood. The Chief of Personnel (herself a woman) at the United States Office of Defence Transportation in Washington has called upon them to "forget sex appeal." "There is," cries this Cassandra, "too much talk and emphasis on well-filled sweaters and natty uniforms. Let us have some concentration on work, even if faces get smudged. Women had better forget all they ever learned about the traditional helpless feminine appeal—it brings no admiration in wartime." Harsh words, symptomatic of the stern times in which we live! Girls should realise that, in the eyes of any right-minded man, the smudges of honest toil are more endearing than all the pomades of Bond Street and all the perfumes of Araby. Yet it is permissible to hope that a modicum of come-hither is not incompatible with a lot of go-to-it. I rather think that that Supreme Chief of Personnel, called Nature, will see to that.

It seems some little time since the Royal Air Force figured in our collection, so here are some of the lads at a Fighter Station. It is commanded by Wing Commander Newman, who has plenty of Middle East experience, and his able adjutant is Flight Lieut. Cockshott.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

By an obvious and regrettable error, on page 119 of our issue of March 10, we stated that the Señoritas Carcano were daughters of the Brazilian Ambassador. They are the daughters of H.E. the Argentine Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Señor Dr. Don Miguel Carcano and Mme. Carcano, and their language is Spanish.

The fifty-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

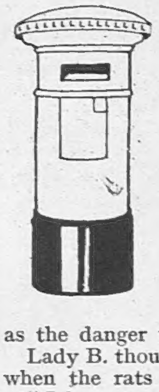


"WHAT, NERVOUS? WHY, I THOUGHT YOU COMMANDOS LIKED A CLOSE SHAVE!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Yesterday, when I was taking Perry for his walk up the cliff, I met Lady B. with Fay. It was a lovely morning, and we sat down for a few moments on a seat in the sun.

Lady B. leant back and closed her eyes. "Nobody should ask more of life than for there not to be a war, and to have a little leisure to sit in the sun," she said.

"Most people feel that way now," I said, "but there *was* the Pied Piper."

"What do you mean—Pied Piper?" said Lady B.

"Don't you remember? They promised him all sorts of things while the rats were there, but as soon as the danger was past they didn't feel like paying him at all."

Lady B. thought for a moment. "I don't think I shall feel differently when the rats have gone," she said.

"I know you won't. But as soon as the bells have rung for peace, I believe a lot of people are going to feel that they simply *must* have deer parks."

"Deer parks," said Lady B. "Now those are things I never craved for, not even in my most acquisitive days."

We sat in silence thinking of deer parks, and presently two Hotel Lady Visitors came and sat on the seat beside us.

"I don't like it here," said the First Visitor.

"Nor do I," said the Second.

Lady B. turned her back on them, pointed to the sparkling sea, tapped her forehead and raised her eyes to heaven.

"The People are so awful," said Visitor One.

"Aren't they?" said Visitor Two. "So narrow. Always talking about local things, as though they mattered. Don't you agree with me?" she said, turning to Lady B.

Lady B. turned pink. "As a matter of fact, I'm a Local myself," she said.

"But aren't you staying at the Hotel?" cried the Visitor aghast. "I saw you there last night!" and she turned as pink as Lady B.

"Winding wool which Ernest, the Barman, was holding for her."

"I was dining with a friend," said Lady B., looking at her with compassion. "As a matter of fact, I live in a small flat over the Grocer's."

"Really—I—well——"

"Don't get upset," said Lady B., who had regained poise. "What you said is perfectly true. The trouble is, we don't get away enough these days. It's that horrid little question over the ticket office."

"Well, I'm sure my journey was *perfectly* necessary," said Visitor One, with a toss of the head.

"The Doctor said she really needed a change," said Visitor Two, "and I came with her to keep her company."

"Of course," said Lady B. in her gentle way.

"I think we ought to be getting along, dear," said Visitor One. "There's my medicine at half-past twelve," and they got up. "Good morning."

Lady B. and I bowed deeply, and the Lady Visitors walked away.

"I must say," said Lady B., "it was very gratifying being mistaken for one of the Hotel Guests. That old black velvet of mine never lets me down."

"I suppose they thought I was your maid," I said bitterly.

"Don't be silly, Henrietta," said Lady B., patting my hand. "All the same, you know, they were perfectly right. We ought to get out and see the world more."

"Where?" I said.

"Meet me at the Hotel Bar at six," said Lady B. recklessly. "We'll drink gin and broaden our minds."

When I arrived at the Hotel Bar that evening I found Lady B., the only guest, sitting on a high stool winding wool which Ernest, the barman, was holding for her. "It's a pity you don't always take as much trouble with your face, Henrietta," she said, giving me a look.

"I know," I said. "Where's the gin?"

"There isn't any. You'll have to start on ginger-beer."

"This isn't the sort of party I thought it was going to be," I said as I clambered up beside her.

"Lady B. with Fay."

Then we asked Ernest about his old mother, because, although he looks beautiful and has "Ernest" written on the left breast of his white coat, and the Lady Visitors make a fuss of him, we know that he's just Ernie Potter, who had to give up being a fisherman because of rheumatic fever. Talking to Ernest is always pleasant, but Lady B. and I felt it was doing nothing towards broadening our outlook, and we were pleased when two Visitors, a man and a woman, came and sat at the Bar beside us.

"I played the Knave of Clubs," said the Lady Visitor earnestly, "and she played the Ten of Hearts."

"You ought to have played your King of Diamonds," said the Man Visitor.

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm convinced of it," said the Man. After that they sat gazing sadly into space and drinking small whiskies.

The ginger-beer I had drunk exploded gently behind my diaphragm, and pricked the back of my nose. "Ginger-beer always does that," said Lady B.

"When Bill and the Linnet were small they used to call them gingerbeerquaducts," I said.

"I hope Master Bill and Miss Linnet are well?" said Ernest.

I launched on a long and happy description of my children's activities, but Lady B. stopped me. She said we had come there to broaden our minds. Presently two more couples came into the Bar. One was all corduroy and cable-stitch, and the other looked as though it had just stepped off the London train. "You take the High Brows and I'll take the Low," whispered Lady B.

I edged a little nearer to the Corduroys, for I could sniff Russian Ballet from afar. The Lady Corduroy, chin in hand, stared haggardly at her companion. "I said to Aunt Gertrude, just *you* have Cousin Esther to stay with *you* for a bit and see how you like it," she said. "She's supposed to dust the drawing-room, but does she? And I *know* she has more than five inches of water in the bath, because I've seen the rim."

Lady B. plucked at my sleeve and we got down from our stools. "Mine were talking about golf," she said as we left the hotel. "They were beginners. What were yours?"

"A P.G. called Cousin Esther. Interesting, but not really broadening."

"I don't believe rushing about is much good," said Lady B. "The dullest couple I ever met had been round the world twice. We must Read, Henrietta." So we stopped at the Library on the way home, and Lady B. took out a book called "Across Scandinavia With a Rod and a Gun."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

"Stared haggardly at her companion."

THE WOMAN WHO WENT ON A BOMBING RAID.

Photographer MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE *was in one of the United States aeroplanes which bombed Tunis, and is seen standing on a machine which—no doubt in compliment to her—bears the name of "Peggy." She stated, on her return to Miami, Fla., from North Africa that the main Tunis airfield was jammed with transports, fighters and Junkers 88's and that the American machines plastered the field with bombs. When asked if she was afraid when flak and tracer bullets streamed towards the machine in which she was travelling, she replied that she is never afraid when working with a camera.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

TIMES change, as all sorts of writers have snappily observed in all sorts of languages. There was the day when the words "All-star Cast" on a film bill meant quite simply, as a rule, that there was no star in it worth mentioning. Now it means precisely what it says, and no nonsense. When Paramount announces there are fourteen stars in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" (Plaza), fourteen stars are just what you will see. You can count them. You will also see twenty-four featured players, three directors and the Paramount Studio, with a lot of its twenty-seven acres, its departments, its streets and its floors.

"Star Spangled Rhythm" is a great big back-stage romp, with the resident boys and girls sometimes silly, but generally gay, generous and entertaining. There is a story—of sorts. Pop Webster (Victor Moore), the gateman at the Paramount Studio, has been writing to his sailor-son Johnny (Eddie Bracken), giving him the impression he is head of the studios. Not unnaturally, Johnny shows up with a bunch of friends and expects to be given the freedom of the studio. Polly (Betty Hutton), a telephone operator who loves Johnny, persuades Pop that he must carry the pretence through to the end.

The set-up, as you can see, provides an opportunity for stars and directors to stroll casually in and out of the film, to engage in wisecracks at each other's expense, to give an impersonation of themselves in real life which will certainly charm their myriad admirers. You can see Bob Hope in his dressing-room, Bing Crosby with one of his small sons, Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray looking off the set precisely as they do on it. And at the end you can see them all together in a mammoth variety show staged for the benefit of the crew of a battleship. What a galaxy of talent! What an embarrassment of riches! Do you like—but how dare I ask?—Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake? They burlesque themselves and their rôles in a number called "A Sweater, a Sarong and a Peek-a-Boo Bang." Bob Hope? He compères the show. Alan Ladd? There's not much of Alan Ladd, but what there is is very choice. Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone and Lynn Overman? They have a grand sketch called "If Men Played Bridge Like Women Do." Mary Martin and Dick Powell? They sing "Let's Hit the Road to Dreamland." Sandy-voiced Rochester? He sings and dances.

Bing Crosby? Well, there's quite a lot of Bing Crosby. They have tossed him the Grand Patriotic Number at the end, a soul-shaking thing entitled "Old Glory." Only respect for our ally prevented me from getting up and sneaking out of the theatre during "Old Glory." Still, it certainly is Bing Crosby. No one can deny that.

"KATINA" (New Gallery and Tivoli) brings Sonja Henie back to the screen after several years' absence. The champion, with an entirely new ice repertory, seems in fine form these days, and wherever the programme is turned over to her feet it's a sheer delight. Unfortunately, "Katina" has not been able to solve any more satisfactorily than its predecessors the baffling problem—what's to be done when the skates are off? Miss Henie is a personable young woman with a pleasing manner and a jolly smile. On skates she's an angel. But as an actress she hardly rates with Duse or Bernhardt, apart from the fact that few dramas can hope to sustain any high emotional tension when the characters are constantly awaiting their cue for the ice-rink, whether as performers, spectators, or what not. The first essential with any Sonja Henie picture is, of course, to choose a locale with plenty of frozen water. In "Katina" they have settled the problem by setting the story in Iceland, where there is an abundance of the sort of stuff Miss Henie needs.

Katina is an Icelandic maiden who falls in love with a U.S. Marine (John Payne) and determines to win him. Her family, small shopkeepers in the catering business, encourage the union, all the more so as her younger sister (Osa Massen) cannot marry the rich landowner's son until Katina is disposed of. This marriage by the order of primogeniture, by the way, seems to be all the fashion in Hollywood nowadays. It was an old Dutch family custom, you remember, in "Seven Sweethearts." It was the rule again in Buenos Aires in "You Were Never Lovelier." Somebody in Hollywood, maybe, has been reading a book about Quaint Marriage Customs in Foreign Parts.

The only reluctant party to the marriage scheme is the marine himself. Not that he doesn't love the girl. What marine stranded in the frozen North without home ties could fail to love a girl who skates like Sonja Henie? But he is a reformed philanderer. Love has done something to his heart. He feels he would be an unsatisfactory husband—as no doubt he will—for a girl who is "different, sweet and trusting." Naturally, Katina—who isn't so different really, as he might have guessed had he looked more closely at her carmined nails and the Fifth Avenue styling of her clothes—naturally, Katina eventually resolves his doubts, and makes him her husband before the Big Carnival Night.

I trust "Katina" won't be found to have put false ideas into the heads of American Marines detailed for the northern theatre. I admit I have no first-hand experience of the amenities of Iceland. It may be, of course, that the troops are indeed entertained to this mad social whirl. Torch singers with crack swing bands may perform nightly at the local hotels. Icelandic youths and maidens may really leap into Hawaiian costume to cut hulas on the floodlit ice. There may even be squads of native cuties uniformed like cinema usherettes and singing in close harmony. Iceland may be—though my heart misgives me—just a marine's dream come true.

"CARGO OF INNOCENTS" (Empire), a hearty, rather human piece about the exploits of an American destroyer, is no "In Which We Serve," but it has that spectacular vigour Hollywood always seems able to get into its sea yarns, and a trio of sharp leading performances from Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. A new "twist," as they like to say in the studios, is provided by the innocents mentioned in the title. These are a boatload of torpedoed babies from a refugee ship, rescued, along with a couple of young women who are about to become mothers, by the crew of the destroyer *Warren*. For all the latter part of the film, in fact, the *Warren* is practically a floating nursery. This situation adds drama as well as novelty to the inevitable encounter with the Japs.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

*Ambassadors: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Revival with Henry Kendall, Chili Bouchier, Olga Lindo.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell and an excellent cast.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "BRIGHTON ROCK." Graham Greene's novel dramatised, with Hermione Baddeley.

**Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

*Lyric: "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS." Revival with Irene Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hannen, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

*Princes: "OLD CHELSEA." Richard Tauber; Carole Lynne; Charles Hawtrey; in romantic musical.

**St. James': "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turghenev's comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Westminster: "HEDDA GABLER." Ibsen revival with Sonia Dresdel and Walter Hudd.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

"*Eyes in the Night*" *(Regal), reviewed in our February 24 issue, is a thriller with a blind detective, Duncan Maclain* (EDWARD ARNOLD; *centre) for hero. His dog* FRIDAY *is a brilliant actor, who as his Seeing Eye, brings him, with incredible intelligence, everything he wants.* DONNA REED *plays Barbara Lawry;* ANN HARDING, *her stepmother, and* REGINALD DENNY *is Stephen Lawry, Barbara's father.*

"*Katina*" *(New Gallery and Tivoli) with* SONJA HENIE *in the name-part, is Twentieth Century-Fox's new musical, John Payne for hero, and Jack Oakie co-starring as two U.S. Marines. A splendid ice carnival—seen here—and new lyrics and music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren are some of the high lights, with Sammy Swing and Sway, and Kaye and his orchestra. The film is reviewed here.*

The personal story—not that it matters very much—is the familiar one about the passage-of-arms between the flip young Lieutenant (Robert Taylor) and his commanding officer (Brian Donlevy). The commander, a veteran who has risen from the ranks, doesn't care to be reminded that his ship is an old-type destroyer from the last war, reconditioned for convoy duty. The Lieutenant, a shore-stationed officer who apparently joined the Navy to play tennis and fix up entertainments for the Service, scarcely expects to go to sea at all, and certainly not in such a hulk and under such a captain as Lieut.-Commander Roberts.

I need scarcely tell you, however, that the big Japanese attack on the convoy turns the Lieutenant into a hero, and plain, scarred little *Warren* into a heroine. The Captain is wounded, the Lieutenant takes command of the ship, lays a smoke-screen round his Admiral's crippled flag-ship, and creeps up close enough to the huge Japanese battleship to sink her with torpedoes. You will wonder where Charles Laughton has been all this time. Naturally, he has been aboard the flag-ship, disguised as the Admiral—whom he plays with a jolly mixture of Ruggles of Red Gap, Charles Laughton and Captain Bligh.

"IMMORTAL SERGEANT" (Odeon) is unlucky in the timing of its arrival here. A few weeks ago we had seen no reasonably effective films of war in the desert, apart from the news-reels. Then came, in quick succession, our own "Nine Men," the Soviet film "The Thirteen" and that great documentary of the Eighth Army, "Desert Victory." "Desert Victory" in particular, I should say, with its factual evidence, its brilliant combination of camera-work, diagram and commentary, and the excitement that is bred from the full revelation of facts already half-known, will make it tough for any Hollywood producer who attempts a film about British arms in North Africa.

"Immortal Sergeant," based on John Brophy's book about a lost Libyan patrol, is a good thing of its kind. But although it is obviously meant as a sincere gesture towards the British, the effect is still, in the main, the Hollywood kind. My Army friends tell me there are details of equipment and methods of warfare that never came out of a British military manual. My own observation tells me there are details of speech and behaviour that never came out of these British Isles.

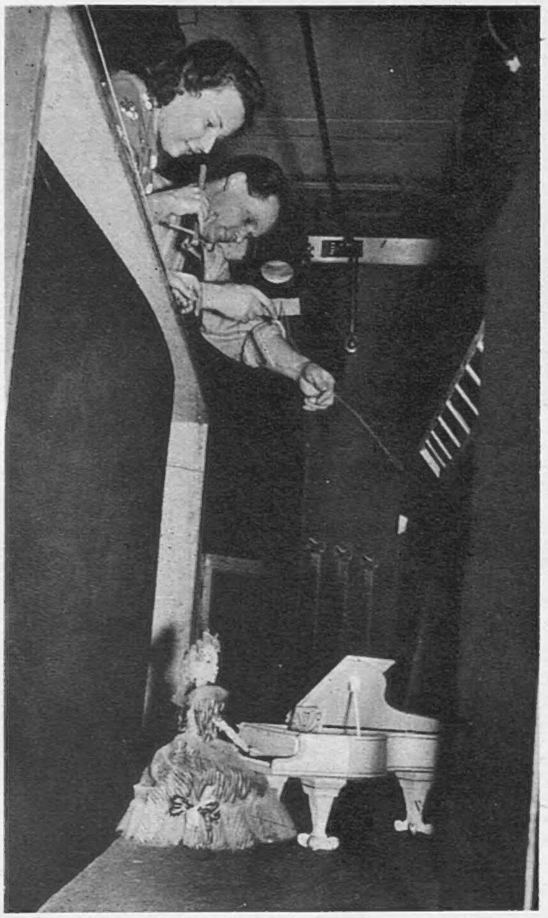
If you are prepared to take the spirit of the thing and let the detail go, you will find "Immortal Sergeant" a stirring enough story of war in the desert. The choice of Thomas Mitchell for the title-rôle was a happy one. Mitchell hails from New Jersey, but his acting never makes a point of it. He has the warmth, breadth and humanity of a citizen of anywhere. He has played many parts in a long screen career, and all of them have been distinctive. His drunken doctor in "Stage Coach" will, I suppose, always remain his classic rôle. His sergeant in the present film, runs it a close second.

You can readily understand how such a man—tough, human, undefeatable—might inspire, even after his death, the soldiers who served under him. For that is the theme of "Immortal Sergeant." A dozen men set out on a desert patrol. Their truck is bombed. Their water-supply runs out. They try to struggle back to their unit against what are generally known as "incredible odds." The Sergeant dies, and the Corporal (Henry Fonda)—a diffident young man, crossed in love, and with an unfortunate habit of recalling his past romance in flash-back—takes command. Stiffened by his memory of the Sergeant's precepts, he leads the three surviving members of the patrol in a successful attack on a waterhole held by the Germans.

"*Immortal Sergeant*" *(Odeon), reviewed in this article, is John Brophy's great novel filmed.* HENRY FONDA *plays Corporal Colin Spence, seen here bending over the wounded Sergeant Kelly* (THOMAS MITCHELL), *in the story of a hard-bitten British Army patrol in the Libyan Desert.*

"*I Married a Witch*" *(London Pavilion) is the story of a couple of sorcerers, father and daughter, who resume their fleshly bodies. Wallace Wooley falls in love with the daughter, Estelle* (VERONICA LAKE), *and when the father objects, the pair conjure his spirit into a brandy bottle, and Estelle seals it with a cork.*

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
ENGAGEMENTS



Here's a peep behind the scenes showing how the PUPPET LADY PLAYS THE PIANO at the Belgian Exhibition recently opened at Messrs. Thos. Cook's in Berkeley Street.

BABY KEITH GOULD *wearing the Victoria Cross with which his father,* PETTY OFFICER T. GOULD, *has been invested. Gould and Lieut. P. S. W. Roberts are the V.C.s of the "Thrasher." Other decorated members of her crew appear on another page.*

MAJOR A. GREGORY-HOOD, *Grenadier Guar[ds,]* married MISS DIANA GILMOUR, *A.T.S. daug[hter]* *of Major Sir John Gilmour, at the Guards' Cha[pel]*

Left: MISS J. M. WOOLCOMBE *has been appointed Second Deputy Director of the W.R.N.S. with the title of Deputy Director (Manning). She has served in the W.R.N.S. since the beginning of the war.*

Right: MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL, *elder daughter of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, is engaged to Mr. William Moore, eldest son of the late Mr. W. A. Moore.*

MAJOR DAVID NIVEN, *the well-known film actor, has been spend[ing]* *his leave at home with* MRS. NIVEN, *formerly Miss Primula Ro[llo],* *and their baby son.*

GENERAL DE GAULLE, *Chief of the Fighting French Forces. It was announced last week that he was expected shortly to leave for Algiers in order to pay his visit to General Giraud.* (PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.)

HEROES, A LEADER, WEDDINGS, AND ARTISTS.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWNING, R.A., *married* MISS MURIEL EVANS, *daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Evans, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.*

SQUADRON LEADER D. E. KINGABY, D.S.O., D.F.M. *and two Bars, has already shot down twenty-two enemy aeroplanes. The crosses on his 'plane record his score.*

MISS GHISLAINE DRESSELHUYS, *only daughter of Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, and of Lady Kemsley, is engaged to Captain Denis Alexander, nephew of Gen. Sir H. Alexander, Deputy C.-in-C. North Africa.*

CAPTAIN DENIS ALEXANDER, *Irish Guards, only son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Guy Buxton, is engaged to Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys.*

LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. B. ("SNAPPER") STANNARD, *the Namsos V.C., recently made his first trip as skipper of H.M.S. "Vimy." In a three-day-and-night Atlantic battle he accounted for the first U-boat sunk.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MAJOR LE PATOUREL, for being probably the only "posthumous" living V.C. on record.

The posthumous award of the V.C. for gallantry in Tunisia to CAPTAIN *(temp. Major)* HERBERT WALLACE LE PATOUREL, *The Hampshire Regiment, is probably the only known case of a posthumous V.C. being awarded to a living man. On December 31* MRS. LE PATOUREL *received news of her son's death in action on December 3, but later he was reported a prisoner; and early in March a letter, dated January 31, came from a military hospital in Naples in his own handwriting, saying he was recovering from his wounds. Major Le Patourel, fifty-eighth V.C. of the war, was slightly wounded at Dunkirk. His home is in Guernsey, and his family lost everything when the Germans invaded the Channel Islands. The official citation of his award refers to his brilliant leadership and tenacious devotion to duty during action in the Tebourba area. Our snapshot shows (l. to r.)* MAJOR LE PATOUREL, *with his mother,* MRS. LE PATOUREL *(widow of a former Attorney-General of Guernsey), his sister,* MRS. LE TOCQ, *and his brother* JOHN.

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHESLEY PETERSON, D.S.C., D.F.C., *American Army Air Force, is seen leaving the Palace with* MRS. PETERSON, *after being invested with the D.S.O. He was one of four American Air Force officers to be decorated on that occasion, the others receiving the D.F.C. He commanded the 71st Eagle Squadron, and during the 18 months' service with the R.A.F. he took part in 110 operational sweeps and accounted for six enemy machines. In September 1942, when the Eagle Squadrons transferred to the American Army Air Force to operate as a fighter group, Lieut.-Colonel (then Squadron Leader) Peterson was appointed executive operational officer of the group. Mrs. Peterson is a South African film actress.*

LIEUT. H. S. MACKENZIE, *commander of H.M.S. "Thrasher," and* MRS. MACKENZIE *are the central figures in this group of members of the crew of the "Lucky 13" submarine, with their wives, at Buckingham Palace at a recent Investiture. The awards to the crew of H.M.S. "Thrasher" were: Bar to the D.S.O., Lieut. H. S. Mackenzie, D.S.O.; D.S.C., Lieut. R. P. FitzGerald, Lieut. I. S. MacIntosh, M.B.E.; Bar to the D.S.M., Eng.-Room-Art. J. W. E. Sirett, D.S.M.; the D.S.M. to P/O. Telegraphist G. Davison, Stoker P/O. W. Musco, Stoker P/O. C. A. Smith, Ldg. Stoker C. S. Remblance, A/Ldg. Seaman J. E. Kennedy, A/B. F. Ball, and A/B. F. McMillan. The first Freedom of Shoreditch ever conferred was presented to Lieut. H. S. Mackenzie in February, and he, one other officer and eighteen members of the crew were entertained at Shoreditch Town Hall, where Lieut. Mackenzie said his total bag was sixteen enemy ships.*

"THRASHER'S" CREW AND AMERICAN AIRMAN INVESTED WITH HONOURS.

"TIN-FISH" PROFICIENCY ALL 85% AND OVER:

WREN TORPEDOMEN *hoisting a torpedo, or "tin-fish," aboard a naval coastal craft at a British naval port.*

Looking after the tail part of a torpedo when it is hoisted away af[ter] the Wren Torpedomen have overhauled it.

A gang of Wren Torpedomen working above and below a torpedo: a job that means the release of men for more vital duties at sea.

Learning how to set the pre-selected range and depth-setting at which a tor[pedo] is to run towards its target.

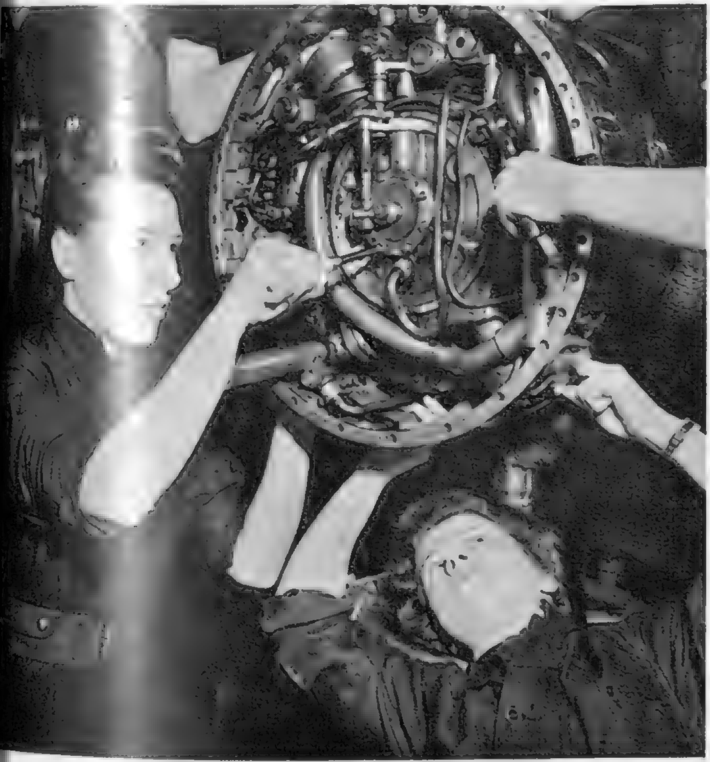
WRENS can now become torpedo specialists, as yet another trade [has] been added to the long list of jobs which the girls of the Senior Ser[vice] undertake in the work of releasing men for vital duties at sea. Memb[ers] chosen for this specialised job undergo a course of intensive training a[t a] special school. The girls learn how to handle torpedoes and depth-charg[es] and to understand electrical systems, gun-circuits, fire-control, ligh[ting] systems, as well as navigational lights. In the Torpedo section, they [are] taught how to take down and assemble torpedoes, and prepare them

N.B. A Coloured

WREN TORPEDOMEN STUDY AND PRACTISE.

Holding the nos of a torpedo while it is being lowered into position on special chocks to carry it for overhaul.

Wrens manœuvring their unwieldy load from the sheds, ready to be put into service at a naval port.



Two Wrens making adjustments to the engine of a torpedo during their intensive training to become efficient Torpedomen.

A Wren gauging the pistol of a depth-charge—one of the intricate jobs in which she must become expert in order to be a Torpedoman.

ops." The Commanding Officer of the establishment states that no Wren as passed out from her course with less than 85 per cent. proficiency. The uration of the training is several weeks, and it follows a preliminary ourse. When the girls pass out, they become Wren Torpedomen, and are ntitled to wear a special badge showing a torpedo and a star; and a "T." Irs. Laughton Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S., said recently that Wrens ave done so well that they are to be allowed to take the test for "Leading orpedo Wren."

nserted in this issue.

CLEO FROM RIO OF THE PALACE THEATRE.

GABRIELLE BRUNE *plays Sally in " Full Swing," the successful musical comedy with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge at the Palace Theatre. Her numbers include " Cleo from Rio," " Mamma, Buy Me That," " Love is Love Anywhere," and " Follow My Dancing Feet."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

NEW DEANNA DURBIN PICTURE—"THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY."

Timothy (BARRY FITZGERALD) *tells tall seaman's yarns to some of the flock of children which Ruth* (DEANNA DURBIN) *has in tow.*

Ruth dons her old straw hat—adjusted by the aid of a fragment of mirror held by Elizabeth (YVONNE SEVERN), *while Martha* (IRIS WONG) *and Bo Ching* (BO CHING) *watch.*

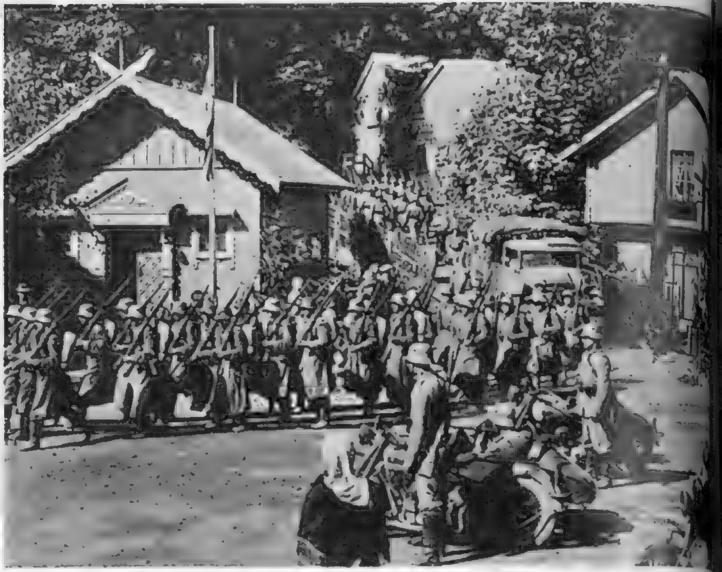
"THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY," new Universal picture, was due at the Leicester Square Theatre on March 19. Deanna Durbin as a missionary girl in China undertakes to shepherd nine tots to safety from war dangers. This entails many adventures, including survival from torpedo sinking with eight children in tow. In order to get into the United States, she has to masquerade as the widow of Commodore Holliday. The Commodore's grandson, Tom, falls in love with her, and there are many complications; but they are solved by the reappearance of the Commodore, still alive, with child No. 9 in his care. He forgoes all claims on Deanna if he may keep the children—so everyone is finally satisfied!

DEANNA DURBIN *as Ruth, niece and assistant to a missionary in China, with her little charges, Vido* (VIDO RICH), *Kay* (HAYWARD SOO HOO), *and How* (HOWARD SOO HOO).

All players who began their screen careers at an early age: DEANNA DURBIN, *holding two-year-old* MICHAEL CHAN *in her arms, with Tom Holliday* (MICHAEL O'BRIEN) *and Elizabeth* (YVONNE SEVERN).

The little missionary girl grows up into the amazing Mrs. Holliday: DEANNA DURBIN *as Ruth in her full glory of shimmering evening dress and elaborate coiffure.*

Happy, carefree Norway in the summer of 1939: the bride, Anna Korstad (ELIZABETH FRASER), *cuts the cake at her wedding breakfast. Gunner Korstad* (RICHARD DERR) *is the bridegroom.*



The brutal invaders take possession: hordes of Nazi soldiers, with full equipment, stream into the peaceful Norwegian village, to the horror and astonishment of the inhabitants.

SALUTE TO NORWAY'S UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.

A taste of the promised German "brotherly love": Anna Korstad (ELIZABETH FRASER) *brutally manhandled by the troops who are dragging her before Nazi officials for questioning.*

The Nazis are on the track of Eric Toresen (PAUL MU *and his daughter Solveig* (ANN CARTER), *so they hide a well until the hunt is abandoned, and escape their lives.*

Sabotage at every turn: the Norwegians put up an unending fight against the mighty and brutal Nazi oppressors who have taken possession of their land.

Saved in the nick of time: Eric is about to be shot by a Nazi, when a bul fired by a British Commando despatches the would-be assassin and saves his li The dead German is in the foreground.

The arrest of Bergesen (RAY COLLINS): *Mrs. Bergesen* (LILLIAN GISH) *and Eric Toresen* (PA.L MUNI) *listen horror-struck, as they know what the Nazis mean by asking him to a "friendly discussion."*

Bergesen, broken and beaten by the Nazi brutes, but still strong in spirit, escapes from a concentration camp and tells Mrs. Bergesen that Norway must continue to resist.

ital information overheard by the fugitive Eric Toresen, who lies concealed in the undergrowth. The Nazis are planning a raid on England from a secret air-base.

Council of war in the chart-room of a British warship: LT. COM. JOHN FARROW, R.N., *director of the picture; Admiral Bowen* (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE), *Eric Toresen, Capt. R. Bowen* (ROBERT COOTE) *(l. to r., centre).*

ommandos strike at dawn! The British force arrives to destroy the ecret Nazi air-base, guided by information provided by the patriotic Eric Toresen.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE *as the British Admiral, who visits Norway in peacetime, and comes again in war to destroy a secret air-base.*

"COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN," new Columbia picture, will be presented for a joint run commencing Monday, April 5, at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion. There will be a *Gala Première* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, at 6 p.m. on Monday, April 5, under the patronage of H.M. the King of Norway. The entire proceeds of this first night will be devoted to King Haakon's Fund for Norway. "Commandos Strike at Dawn" is a thrilling story of gallant Norwegian resistance to the invading Nazis. Eric Toresen, while a fugitive from the enemy, discovers a secret Nazi air-base, and escapes to England. The information he brings helps the Commandos to raid the airfield and destroy it, but Eric loses his life. The picture was shot on rocky, crag-bound Vancouver Island, and the Canadian Military and Government authorities lent soldiers and Commando training units to act in the film. Lillian Gish, who made a hit in early pictures, "The Orphans of the Storm" and "Broken Blossoms," makes a return to the screen as Mrs. Bergesen

First Episode: *Luther* (EUGENE PALLETTE), *the valet, ushers in the master tailors with the perfect tail-coat for Mr. Orman.*

First Episode: *Mrs. Halloway* (RITA HAYWORTH) *sees Halloway* (THOMAS MITCHELL) *threatening her lover, Orman* (CHARLES BOYER).

First Episode: *Orman, great actor to the last, pretends that he was acting the part of a wounded man, and takes leave of Mr. and Mrs. Halloway.*

Second Episode: *Diane* (GINGER ROGERS), *engaged to the worthless Harry, telephones to him to remind him of a lunch date. Harry has a hang-over and is slightly hazed.*

Second Episode: *George* (HENRY FONDA) *accepts responsibility for the love-letter which Diane finds in the tail-coat, which now belongs to her fiancé, Harry* (CESAR ROMERO).

Second Episode: *" My lion, king of the jungle." Diane quotes from the incriminating love-letter, anxious to see how George will react—as she believes the note to be his.*

Third Episode: Musician Ch
is assured by his devoted
he will be fam

Third Episode: Charles Sm
Mrs. Smith has acquired
i

Third Episode: " Ladies
(VICTOR FRANCEN) *introduce*
audience and announces th

"TALES OF MANHATTAN" TAILS! COAT OF DESTINY RUNS DOWN THE SOCIAL GAMUT.

...mith (CHARLES LAUGHTON) ...ELSA LANCHESTER) *that one day* ...randma *agrees.*

...nds that the fatal tail-coat which ...im to wear when conducting, ...o tight.

...tlemen, Charles Smith." Bellini ...mposer to the Carnegie Hall ...ll conduct his own symphony.

Fourth Episode: Father Joe (JAMES GLEASON) *gives Browne, the Bowery down-and-out* (EDWARD G. ROBINSON), *a drink before persuading him to attend his class get-together.*

Fourth Episode: Browne, dressed up in the famous tail-coat, rouses the admiration of Father Joe and his family before going to his old class reunion dinner.

Fourth Episode: "And now you can see me as I really am—a phoney." Browne takes off the fatal coat to prove his innocence of the theft of the wallet—and hurries away.

Fifth Episode: Crook Costello (J. CARROL NAISH) *prepares to attire himself in the famous tail-coat before pulling off a big job in a gambling-den.*

Fifth Episode: "Hallelujah, a miracle!" Luke (PAUL ROBESON) *and his wife Esther* (ETHEL WATERS) *pick up the tail-coat, stuffed with money.*

Fifth Episode: Some for everybody. Under the eye of Esther, the Rev. Lazarus (EDDIE [ROCHESTER] ANDERSON) *distributes the windfall.*

"TALES OF MANHATTAN," striking Twentieth Century-Fox picture with a big cast of stars and noted players, is due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on April 2. The plot—in five episodes—is built round a tail-coat made for the actor, Orman, which runs down the full social gamut, ending up on a scarecrow. Its first owner, the dissolute Orman, is murdered by a betrayed husband; its next, a worthless young man, loses his fiancée to a more reliable friend; and its third, a struggling musician, is nearly ruined by ridicule when it bursts across his shoulders, but by the good manners of the audience, he gets a hearing and wins the applause he deserves. The fourth owner is a down-and-out, who goes to a class reunion dressed up in the coat, is falsely accused of theft, and then reinstated; but the fifth is the most dramatic tale. A crook wears the coat and makes his get-away by aeroplane, carrying his booty with him. The 'plane catches fire, and the thief throws out the coat full of money. It falls at the feet of poor negro crofters, gives them affluence, and ends up on their scarecrow, having in the course of its life, brought good luck to the virtuous and disaster to villains. "Sketch" readers will remember that we have already illustrated this important film—in our issue of December, 2, 1942.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

SENTIMENTAL journeys are apt to be dangerous, for they are undertaken in a state of emotional excitement. When Angèle Kernahan arrived at her father's Irish home she had but the vaguest idea of whom or what she would find there. An actress, like her French mother, and born and brought up in Paris, she had never been to Ireland before; she had come *en touriste* with some friends when the whim to visit Waterpark seized her. The auguries were not favourable. An ominous line from Racine ran in her mind; a village child, unused to maquillage, asked rudely, "What 's happened to your lips?", and her aunt, the enigmatic Mrs. Kernahan, mistress of Waterpark, beautiful and barbed, gave her an equivocal welcome. But her cousins, Tom and Martin, were pleased to see her; their sister, Jo, shortly to become a nun, was austerely friendly; her down-at-heel Uncle Corney made a great fuss of her, and so, despite the glancing hostility of her hostess, she consented to stay. Excursions to the seaside and to a neighbouring country fair followed. There was a feeling of feverish gaiety, for those were the last days of August 1939.

The Two Crises. Miss Kate O'Brien skilfully interweaves the crisis in the world outside with the crisis that was soon to arise in the microcosm of Waterpark. Both Angèle's cousins fell in love with her at sight, and she with Tom, the elder, the apple of his mother's eye. An undeclared, almost unperceived, struggle for the possession of him developed between the two women, in the first round of which Angèle was easily victorious. Aunt Hannah gave the engagement her blessing, but she bided her time. Her hold over Tom, an inexperienced young man, colourless and a little wooden beside his vivacious brother, was strong: devotion to her and duty to his involved estate had hitherto ruled his thoughts. Events played into Hannah's hands; if Angèle stuck to her plan of returning to France before war broke out, the marriage would have to be postponed, indefinitely. His mother's whisperings, his brother's taunt, rattled him. He had never before made an emotional decision for himself.

Love *versus* Tradition. That two men should almost simultaneously fall in love with the same woman at first sight does slightly strain credulity, and if an indefinable air of unreality sometimes makes itself felt in "The Last of Summer," it partly comes from this. But in part it is evoked deliberately. Angèle belonged to one world, Waterpark to another; from their collision could only result a situation foreign to the experience of either. Especially when one of the worlds was Ireland, that strange country to whose beauty Miss O'Brien is so sensitively aware, and always with an eye—whether in the landscape or the people—to its difference, its apartness. Moreover, her attitude to the emotions of love is tinged—some might say chilled—by a kind of Catholic austerity; she does not think, as many writers do, that the violence of a passion is necessarily its justification. She is far from being in sympathy with Mrs. Kernahan, the selfish, fascinating, subtly-drawn matriarch who rules the story, but she sees her point—that a week's infatuation must not be too hastily balanced against the tradition of generations at Waterpark. And contrasting with the agonies and transports of the lovers is the attitude of Jo, to whom such experiences are of less value than those of the religious life. In conversation the characters do not spare each other's feelings; they are sometimes rather rude. Miss O'Brien's analysis is severe and unsparing, too; but it has the benefit of an intellectual detachment and the good manners of her grave and exquisite prose style.

People and Politics. "The Bridge of Heaven" has an initial advantage that few novels can boast—a lovely poem by Mr. Masefield; and for a time the story lives up to it. Mr. Hsiung's description of the contiguous households of the two brothers—one avaricious and hypocritical, the other indolent and liberal-minded—is delightful. This is the old China, the China of the last years of the Empire, as yet untouched by Western ideas. But Shiao Ming, the rich man's son, and his foster-brother, the low-born Ta Tung, grow up into an age of political unrest; the former, a reactionary, is distinguished by every bad quality; the latter, a progressive, by every virtue. In their struggle for the hand of Lotus Fragrance Ta Tung wins, and the young couple move to Peking, where life is far from easy, though sweetened by mutual attachment and a common political aim. Thenceforward, politics subduing passion, their ways lie apart and their personalities tend to be lost sight of in the series of events which led to the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. Human beings to start with, they are soon pawns in the game, and we feel but tepid interest in their ultimate reunion. Needless to say, the construction of the story also goes to pieces, and though towards the end the author draws some of the loose threads together, and with a return to his earlier geniality, gives a more favourable glimpse of the wicked Shiao Ming, it never acquires proportion or shape. A pity, for Mr. Hsiung has a charming gift of satirical observation and a lively sense of human values when not deflected by the *ignis fatuus* of political enthusiasm.

Stories of the War. The twelve short stories in "The Pale Horse" are exceedingly topical: they are all concerned with the war and in nearly all cases the hero is a soldier serving in England. These soldiers as a rule are not natural soldiers; their hearts are in the business but their temperaments are unsuited to it. To such an extent was this true of Major Middlemass, in the title story, that . . . But I must not give away Captain Stephen Watts's secret. All good short-story writers keep something up their sleeves; in Captain Watts's case the nature of the surprise varies with every tale. And his point of view varies, too. Sometimes it is heavily charged with cynicism; sometimes it is almost sentimental. I suppose that cynicism and sentimentality are complementary qualities. They both appear in "Friend of a Hero," an extremely artificial but dazzlingly successful story of the effect of hero-worship on the hero and the worshipper. It leaves a bitter taste; whereas "Full Cycle," which is just as disillusioned and still more ingenious, expires in gentle irony. Indeed, most of the stories have their origin in an ironic idea, which the author works out, as his fancy dictates. Only "The Pale Horse" itself is free from ironic intention: it is a straightforward, cleverly-constructed account of an incident, the interest lying solely in what happened, and why. No doubt because it runs counter to the bent of the author's mind, it is not quite so effective as some of the other stories, but it is perhaps nearer to life and therefore a safer model than the studio pieces conceived by his ironic spirit.

Sportsman, criminologist, farmer, linguist and psychologist, H.E. DR. HASSAN NACHAT PASHA *is also Egyptian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. H.E. began his career as an Advocate, at nineteen, winning his first case in the Courts of Cairo. He then went to France, and at Dijon University obtained Degrees in Law and Economics. He became the Egyptian University's youngest Professor and, at thirty-two, was made Pasha. He has been en poste on the Continent and in Persia, and came to London five years ago.*

Murder Among Books. Cleverness was always expected of detective-story writers; now learning seems to be demanded of them as well. After Mr. Percival Wilde, with his classical tags and his fungi, comes Mr. Bolingbroke Johnson, whose sphere of knowledge seems co-extensive with the vast University Library in which his scene is laid. Doctors and professors ("docs." and "profs." to Loot Kennedy, the detective) not only furnish the story with suspects, they also enrich it with their erudition, and one, Francis Parry, composes limericks as well. These, though we look forward to them, are only fairly good. Nevertheless, the general level of culture is the highest I have met in any detective story. The standard of humour, too, is high; with the Attic salt we expect of professorial circles, it combines a dash of the New Yorker, for this is an American University, proud possessor of a magnificent collection of books bequeathed by a railroad king.

Kennedy, who relies on the loudness of his voice to startle witnesses into indiscretions, is the official investigator; but the real detecting is done by Miss Gilda Gorham, the chief cataloguer of the Library, a girl at once sensible and subtle, and conversationally equipped to meet the professors on all their fields. The Library was an immense building. Was she wise to wander about in the dark, when Miss Coindreau had met her death from a fall, and Mr. Hyett . . . The reader shudders for her, but she knew what she was doing. In the ecstasy of detection she was ready to take any risk. The "hunch" which suggested to her the solution, and the experiment which gave her the proof, strain credulity to breaking-point, but they do not spoil the artistic effect of the story.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Last of Summer. By Kate O'Brien. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
The Bridge of Heaven. By S. I. Hsiung. (*Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.*)
The Pale Horse. By Stephen Watts. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
The Widening Stain. By W. Bolingbroke Johnson. (*The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.*)

"DEBRETT'S PEERAGE."

In the fourth year of war we are not unfamiliar with the "war substitute" commodity. "Debrett," however, most famous book of reference, has succeeded, in spite of immense difficulties, in carrying on in its old style. The 1943 edition is now on sale at the pre-war price of 105s. net, cloth-bound. Special features of this year's issue are the War Honours Supplement, containing the biographies of V.C.s and G.C.s, and a Roll of Honour of those killed on active service. In his preface, the editor, Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, calls attention to great names of the last war prominent in this, in the persons of the second generation. Earl Jellicoe and Earl Beatty, sons of the Admirals, have won the D.S.O. and D.F.C. respectively, and the son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes was awarded a posthumous V.C. The Royal Family have suffered loss, in the deaths of the Duke of Kent, on active service, and of the veteran Duke of Connaught. During the past twelve months many honours have been conferred, 800 of which come within the scope of "Debrett"; eleven new peers have been created and six peerages have become extinct.

A NEW ORSON WELLES PRODUCTION—"THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS."

Out with her husband Wilbur Minafer (DONALD DILLAWAY), *Isabel (née Amberson)* (DOLORES COSTELLO) *meets her one-time lover Eugene Morgan* (JOSEPH COTTEN), *whom, she threw over when he became drunk.*

Years later Isabel and Eugene meet again. The ball is over, but Isabel and Eugene dance on watched by her son George (TIM HOLT) *and his daughter Lucy* (ANNE BAXTER).

George Minafer and Lucy Morgan fall head over heels in love, but not before the outspoken young man has spoken disparagingly of her father, of whose identity he is unaware.

In his first horseless carriage, Eugene sets off to call on Isabel, beaming with pride, pleasure and a bunch of roses.

Aunt Fanny (AGNES MOOREHEAD), *jealous, self-pitying aunt of George, stands alone at the funeral of Major Amberson, George's grandfather, an event which is to plunge the family into poverty.*

INTELLIGENT people will like Orson Welles' new adventure into film-making, based on Booth Tarkington's Pulitzer-Prize-winning novel "The Magnificent Ambersons." It ran for one week at the Astoria, and is now generally released. The period: 1885-1913. The Ambersons: the wealthy, proud, reigning family of a Middle Western town. George, jealous, arrogant son of Isabel Minafer (née Amberson) resents the return into her life of Eugene Morgan. Aunt Fanny, egotistic, jealous. These dramatically drawn, almost Tchehovian characters, the carefully thought-out period house and surroundings are all in the tradition of realist Orson Welles, maker of "Citizen Kane."

Aunt Fanny tells George that his mother's name is being gossiped about all over the Middle Western town in connection with Eugene Morgan.

IRONS IN THE FIRE.*

By JOHN JOWETT.

THE first time I met Queenie was at the stage door of the Quadrant Theatre, Oxbridge. I was just leaving, after seeing a friend of mine, and bumped into her in the passage. She was wearing a fur coat that must have cost a small fortune, and the pathetic expression that now I know so well. Short, slim and straight she was, with glorious red-gold hair and big, expressive eyes. She looked forlorn and lonely; one felt that she might burst into tears at any moment. She inspired me with a burning desire to protect this helpless little creature from the buffetings of the rude world; to stand as a shield between her and an unrelenting fate. She looked up at me shyly, and turned the brilliant gaze of those wonderful eyes full upon me. Her shoulders drooped helplessly, and I could have denied her nothing. She spoke, and her voice was like the music of the spheres. She asked me if I could get her a taxi.

I was very young at the time, and I had never seen eyes like Queenie's before. I would have laid down my brand-new coat for her to walk on without the slightest hesitation. A taxi seemed a small thing to ask. True, it was a filthy night, pitch-black, and pouring with rain, but I set out with all the zeal of a young crusader. As I waded through puddles and fell over kerbstones, I thought not of the warm room and the comfortable bed that were waiting for me at my digs, but of Queenie, and how wonderful it was that I should have the chance of aiding so glorious a being. I resolved that I would get her a taxi if I had to walk all over Oxbridge. I did have to walk all over Oxbridge; but at last, just as I was wondering if I dare go back and report failure, I found one.

The driver was asleep, but my blood was on fire, and I would have awakened all the sleepers of Ephesus to save Queenie waiting a minute or walking a yard. Also I was soaked to the skin. Curiously enough, the man seemed to resent my intrusion, but I cut short his somewhat ardent expostulations by slipping a ten-shilling note into his hand—far more than I could possibly spare, but remember Queenie was waiting—and persuaded him to drive me back to the theatre and then take Queenie on.

There were three taxis waiting outside the stage door when I arrived, and a fourth was just driving off with a tremendous crashing of gears that suggested its driver was not altogether pleased with the world; and as I got out, I noticed three young men arguing furiously with the three other drivers. But this meant nothing to me at the time. Queenie was waiting inside and Queenie's gratitude would be my reward. I rushed inside and looked for her, but saw no sign. Wondering if she had gone back to her dressing-room to wait, I turned to the stage doorkeeper, with enquiry on my lips; but he forestalled me.

"Have you got a taxi for Miss Gage, too, Sir?" he said, and wagged his head at me with an air of mild disapproval. "She told me to tell you not to bother, Sir, as a gent called for her in his car about two minutes after you 'd gone. There 's been four others with taxis for her already to-night. Girl with a lot of irons in the fire, Miss Gage, if you ask me, Sir."

He seemed rather bitter about it, and I could not help feeling that I was the one to feel aggrieved, and not he, especially as my driver not only demanded an exorbitant fee for waiting, but also declined to drive me home. It was well after midnight when I eventually got back to my digs, wet through and very tired. I had to go without my lunch for four days to repair my depleted finances, and I cursed Queenie, comprehensively and with all my heart. Yet, such was the spell that she had cast over me that the next time I saw her I walked straight up again like a lamb to the slaughter.

I went into an hotel in Birmingham to have tea, and there, sitting alone at the next table, was Queenie, looking as usual as if all the world was against her. I felt desperately sorry for her, and wanted to put myself and all I had at her disposal. I moved across and asked her if she remembered me. I mumbled something, rather sheepishly, about a taxi. Of course she remembered me and was so sorry about the trouble I had been to. Yes, she had asked one or two others to see what they could do, but she hadn't really thought that anyone would bother about her; and, of course, she 'd no idea that Jim was going to call for her. She made me feel a cad for ever having harboured an angry thought about her. It was impossible that anyone so perfect as Queenie could be thoughtless. When she asked me if I could possibly do her a very small favour, I felt that I was under an obligation to her as I assented gladly.

She was leaving the show at the end of the week, she said, and wanted to give a little party in her room for the rest of the cast. Did I know where she could get a bottle of whisky, or could I possibly get one for her? She 'd pay for it, of course; and she would be so grateful. She 'd tried everywhere, but they wouldn't give it to her, just because she wasn't known there. She made it sound as if there was some monstrous conspiracy abroad against this poor, helpless girl, who was only trying to bring a little happiness into the world, and I swear there were tears in her eyes—I have said that she was an actress, haven't I? I promised that I would get her a bottle of whisky.

This was on Thursday afternoon, and the next forty-eight hours were a nightmare. Whisky was very hard to come by, and I was not well known in Birmingham. I rang up all my friends, none of whom thought that there was any to be had. I tried sixteen different wine-and-spirit firms without success. I met a man in a pub, who said furtively that if I would go to such-and-such a firm at ten-thirty on Sunday morning, give four short, sharp knocks and mention his name, they would be only too happy to supply me with a bottle at forty-five shillings.

I explained that Sunday would unfortunately be too late, though in my anxiety to please Queenie I would have crawled through a sewer to get a bottle. At last, at about a quarter to one on the Saturday morning, an old friend of mine rang up to say that he had heard that I wanted a bottle of whisky, and he had managed to get one for me. Almost delirious with joy, I asked where I could collect it from him. He told me to meet him in Wolverhampton at two o'clock, and rang off.

On an impulse, I telephoned Queenie. I wanted her to realise the trouble I was going to for her sake. I said that I could get some whisky for her if I went to Wolverhampton for it, and tried to make it sound like Land's End. I asked her if she had been able to get any on her own account, and did she still want some. Queenie said she would love it if I could possibly get there, and sounded so wistful and plaintive, and had such a note of hopeless longing in her voice that I believe I choked back a sob as I said I would go, and made some hurried calculations. It was a forty-minute journey to Wolverhampton, on the bus, and I had a ticket to see Queenie's show that afternoon. But that should be sacrificed in a noble cause. I bolted my lunch, and set off to catch a bus. With any luck, I reckoned I should be back in time to see the last half of the show.

It soon became apparent, however, that others besides myself had decided to go to Wolverhampton that afternoon. Bus after bus passed me, full to the brim, the drivers giving me the benefit of a contemptuous sneer as I hopefully held out my hand, but no more. That there were a few people left in Birmingham I discovered as soon as I tried to telephone my friend. Every telephone-booth within miles was occupied, and most of them had two or three people waiting outside as well, but, apart from that, there might have been a mass evacuation going on. It was ten minutes past two when I eventually managed to scramble on to a bus that had stopped by some traffic lights, and hid myself among the crowd before the conductor noticed me. It was then that I discovered that there was an international football match on, with which I could hardly be expected to compete.

My friend had waited for me, though I fear that our relations from then on have been rather cool. I returned to Birmingham in triumph, soon after four, proudly bearing my precious bottle, and indulging in exquisite anticipation of Queenie's gratitude. I raced up to her room, and went in happily on her summons, as one about to enter into a kingdom. The first things I saw were five bottles of whisky standing on the table, and then Queenie herself in a flurry of packing. She was apologetic—I will give her that—and so sweet about it. I had been terribly good to her, and she really didn't deserve it. She was dreadfully sorry for all the trouble she had caused me, but people had suddenly come rushing round to her with all these other bottles, just after I had rung off.

I had a dim feeling that I had heard it all before somewhere, but I caught Queenie's eyes and it passed off; and, of course, as she said, she hadn't known where to ring me up and tell me. (I almost felt that she was reproaching me.) And anyway, she had decided to let the hotel do the party after all, and they were going to have it downstairs, and get their drinks at the bar; and would I mind frightfully if I didn't stop to tea, as she had all her packing to do, and was in a terrible state? She looked appealingly at me, and I hurriedly said of course not, and was half-way home in a sort of daze before I remembered that she hadn't paid me for the whisky. I also remembered what the stage doorkeeper at Oxbridge had said about irons in the fire.

It was some time before I saw Queenie again, but then I saw quite a lot of her, being engaged in writing some of her new show. She was adorable, of course, and if she was a little difficult at times—well, she was a star, and had a reputation to keep up. She had five others writing for her, but I was only too glad to be one of the crowd, if the crowd was around Queenie. We laughed a lot together over our previous meetings, and if my mirth seemed a little forced on occasions, a patient, uncomplaining look would come into Queenie's eyes and reduce me nearly to tears of pity. I neglected other work to look after her, and was thrilled when she allowed me to see about her income tax, and, incidentally, to settle her bills; and at length I decided to take the supreme step, and try to take the sadness and hopelessness out of those beautiful eyes for ever. We were married very quietly at Queenie's request, and for a time lived very happily together. Queenie looked lovelier than ever: it was fully two months before I discovered that she had three husbands already.

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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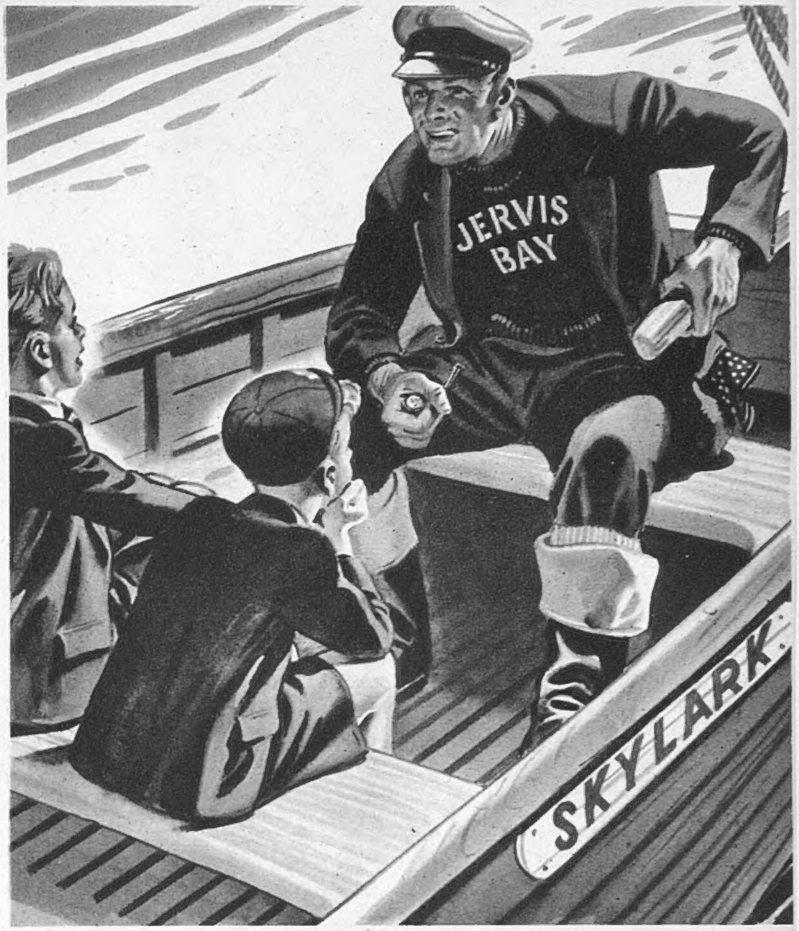

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THERE is always something interesting in the fashions at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, but, naturally, outfits for men and women in the Army, Navy and Air Force are given first consideration. Nevertheless, the minor frocks and accessories have not been neglected. The little frock is a delightful revival, one of which finds pictorial expression above. It is made of a light, soft, woolly fabric which does not easily crush and wears remarkably well. Then there are various styles for the younger, as well as for the older, woman. Utility fashions have likewise their rôles to play, and here no one can possibly cavil at the statement that the tailormades and wrap-coats do indeed represent wonderful value.

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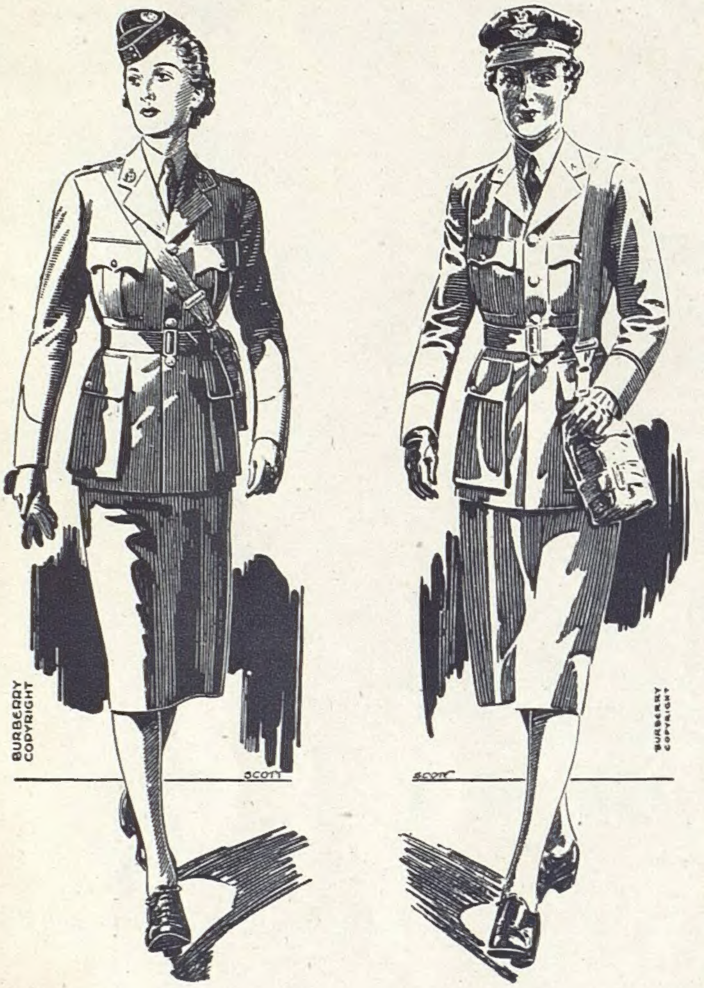

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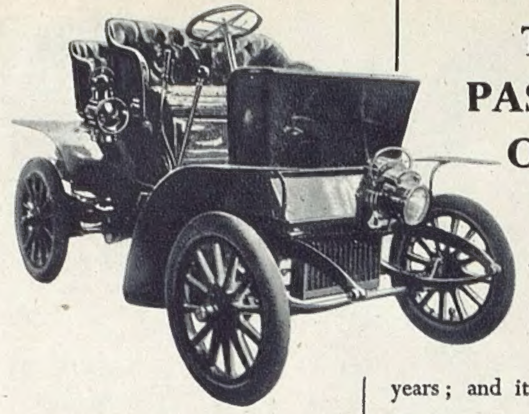

THE PASSAGE OF THE YEARS

Here you see the latest model Singer as it stood in front of the coach house, newly delivered from the works, on a Spring morning in 1904.

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